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In Training: The Life Of A Marine Biologist

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In Training: The Life of a Marine Biologist

Rebecca Quinlan

Salt in the air & fins on my feet,
There is nothing as sweet as a day spent at sea.

Wind on my face & sun in my hair,
Clear skies and a sea of glass; no conditions could
possibly compare.

Sunglasses on & ready with a smile,
We plan to be at sea for a while.

Rash guard on & ready to float,
I slide myself off the side of the boat.

Face in the water & fins kicking along,
The life in the water calls to me like a siren's song.

Ears equalized & mask snug on my face,
My descent to the deep begins the never ending
chase.

One breath in my lungs & my hair in a braid,
To the bottom I slip, my welcome never over-stayed.